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BUNYAN.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come. By John Bunyan, with notes by Rev. Thos. Scott, and a life of the author by Josiah Condor, Jr. Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Paul T. Jones Publishing Agent: Philadelphia 1844.

IN looking at the splendid volume that lies before us, the thought arose to our mind—what would have been the feelings of Bunyan himself, could it have been laid on the table of his little cell, beside the cruse of water, the very day that he finished the wonderful allegory! What a burden of doubt, and painful apprehension would have been removed from his mind—into what a frame of devout gratitude, and joyful thanksgiving his spirit would have been lifted! For with all the “faith of authorship” which most writers are said to feel, and with all the higher and more abiding faith in the everlasting nature of truth which all the utterers of great truths must feel, we cannot but suppose that Bunyan felt many misgivings as to the fate of the little book on which he had spent so much labor, and over which he had wept, and prayed for so many years. To the world outside of his prison walls he was unknown, or known only as the graceless tinker’s son in the streets of Elstow, or as the ‘ranting’ preacher in the conventicle of Bedford. He was poor, and despised. He had no wealthy friends, or lordly patrons. For the profligate cavaliers of the court of the Stuarts, one of the flip-pant conceits of Rochester, or one of the filthy plays of

Wycherly had a higher relish than the tinker's book with its homely phrases, and its searching truths. The utmost that he could hope for was, that his volume might afford much "strong meat," and much tender consolation to the despised saints, the *Faithfuls*, the *Standfasts* and the *Great Hearts* of his times, who might spell out its rude text by their cottage firesides; and he was not fully assured but that some antiquary of another age might take it down from a dusty shelf to laugh at the quaint conceits and the uncouth names of the parable. How different has been the fate of this wonderful work! In less than ten years after its publication it had gone through many editions—before a century had gone by, it had become a household book with all the English peasantry—it had been read and admired by lords and wits, and scholars, and even the most fastidious critic of the age had pronounced it "one of the few books which he wished were longer." Two centuries are not yet passed, and in a country which Bunyan knew only as a trifling colony, his book lies on the tables of ten thousand drawing-rooms, and rich men of Christian taste, and liberality give of their substance to adorn it with velvet and gold, and illustrate it with beautiful pictures.* With this last appearance of our favorite, in so new and elegant a dress we are greatly pleased. We are proud of it as a triumph of American art. We are still more proud of it as a tribute paid by Presbyterians to one of the stoutest defenders of our common faith—to one who preserved the purity of the English language in an age of literary degeneracy, who maintained the freedom of thought through a season of fiery persecution, and who kept his faith pure, and undefiled, when even the name of religion was a hissing and a by-word.

This work, the finest production of Bunyan's genius, we never read without increasing wonder and delight. A work which is the favorite alike of all ages, and all conditions; which rivals Robinson Crusoe in the affections of the nursery, and fascinates the poorest peasant in his hut; which affords a study for the poet, the dramatist and the artist; which contains at the same time a complete body

* The *Board* is indebted, we are told for the means of publishing this superb volume to the munificence of one of its members.

of theology for the divine, and the tenderest consolation for the humble saint—such a work surely belongs to the highest rank of human productions. The question—wherein lies the charm of the *Pilgrim's Progress*? does not admit of a single answer. It does not lie alone in the beautiful simplicity of the language, or in the liveliness of the conceptions, or in the clearness of the theological truths presented, or in the beauty, and force of its practical teachings, but in all of them combined; and for the combination of them all we are mainly indebted to the author's long continued and thorough *study of the Holy Scriptures*. Bunyan, it may be safely said, had but one book. He had indeed read one or two volumes of the Martyr history of the church, and his wife brought him among her marriage portion two more volumes, the "*Practice of Piety*," and the "*Plain Pathway to Heaven*." But the Bible was to him the "*book of all learning*." He had read no poetry but the sublime breathings of divine poetry from the lips of David and Isaiah, and he has himself written a poem full of graphic pictures and sometimes of lofty imagery. He had studied no theology but that which he learned directly from Moses and the Prophets, and which fell from Him who spake as never man spake, and yet he has produced a '*body of divinity*' second to none but his great original. To Bunyan, the Scriptures were indeed "*wonderful things*." "*The fear of those sentences that stood against me*," he says "*made me with careful heart and watchful eye, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence mixed with trembling to consider every sentence with its natural force and latitude. How did I leap into the bosom of that promise that yet I feared did shut its heart against me. Now also I would labor to take the word as God hath laid it down without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. Oh! what did I now see in that blessed sixth of John—'and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out'*—oh many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for that blessed sixth of John! a word! a word! to lean a weary soul upon, that it might not sink forever! Yea, often, when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul forever; I was often as if I had run upon

the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him as with a flaming sword!"

It is to the study of the English translation of the Bible that he is mainly indebted for the strength and purity of his language. He is a "well of English undefiled." As far as we know, there is but one* foreign word to taint its purity, and for that he might have found an English substitute. His dialect is the old unpolluted English dialect, which the most illiterate may understand, and which the most learned cannot improve. It is the dialect which Shakspeare found rich enough to meet all the varied wants of all his characters from eloquent Senators, and courtly ladies down to the clownish peasant, and the lisping child. It is the prevailing dialect of Taylor the most eloquent of old English divines, of Macaulay the most brilliant of modern essayists, and of Webster the purest of American orators. It is always to us a source of wonder that this very Bunyan should have been a favorite of Dr. Johnson, the great Alaric of English literature who has overrun our rich domain with his hordes of foreign invaders.

The poetical language of Scripture Bunyan seems to have perfectly mastered. The "spirit of his poetry is Hebrew." Sometimes he rises into a lofty strain of devotional poetry. and as he is borne along in rapt enthusiasm his thoughts pour forth in a constant flow of the purest Scripture imagery. After the Pilgrims have got over the enchanted ground they enter the land of Beulah, whose air is sweet and pleasant, where they hear continually the singing of birds, and see every day the flowers appear in the earth and hear the voice of the turtle in the land. "In this country" he says, "the sun shineth night and day. Here they are in sight of the city whither they are going—here they meet some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the Shining Ones walked, because it is on the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea here as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so doth their God rejoice over them."

* "And behold as they came up with Mr. Byends, he made them a very low congee and they also gave him a compliment."

For the power of delineation, Bunyan deserves a place in the highest rank. We think we do not hazard too much in saying that he is equal to Shakspeare, although Shakspeare had to do with living men, and Bunyan with personifications. But in the hand of Bunyan these impersonations *become* living men. To us, to all who read the Pilgrim's Progress, old and young, learned and unlearned, the multitude of characters that throng its pages are real men. We take but a short walk with Mr. *Ignorance*, who came out of the town of Conceit, but we see enough of him to know that he is the perfect counterpart of a dozen good-for-nothing fellows in our neighborhood. Mr. *Byends*, and my Lord *Timeserver* we have often seen in our legislative halls, and sometimes, if we mistake not, we have seen their smooth faces, and heard their fair speeches among the assemblies of the saints. Mr. *Talkative* has 'pestered' us a thousand times—Mr. *Self-will* has long been a thorn in our flesh—and we never meet a faint-hearted brother, with his head bowed down like a bulrush, without thinking of poor Mr. *Fearing* who lay moaning so long beside the Slough of Despond, and who went down at last with trembling steps into the deep river. The places described by Bunyan are as familiar to us as the places among which we spent our childhood—and among all the living terrors of the nursery there were none for whom we felt a more unaffected horror than for old *Giant Grim*, or that other monster with the crab-tree cudgel, whose whole court-yard was paved with the skulls of ill-fated pilgrims.

The hero of the allegory is not only finely portrayed, but is himself a portraiture of the highest perfection of manhood. We know of no hero, among all the creations of fiction, who is equal to *Christian*. Bunyan's mind seems to have been fully equal to the conception of the true great man. A thousand characters have been drawn by writers of piety as undoubted as Bunyan's, but which of them is at all comparable to *Christian*? In him the hand of a master has drawn every thing that is brave, and honest, and true—every thing that is gentle and simple—every thing that is lovely and of good report: He is an earnest man. He bears alike the pleasures and toils of pilgrimage without rising into an immoderate joy, or sinking

into the depths of despair. He wages a sore combat with Apollyon for half a day, and when the conflict is over he sits down by the place, and sings a sweet song of thanksgiving to Him who made his enemy to flee. He goes down into that dark valley where are the hobgoblins, and the demons of the pit; where there is a continual howling as of people in unutterable misery, over which hang the discouraging clouds of confusion—death also doth always spread his wings over it—but nothing daunted he cries out, "I perceive not yet but that *this is my way* to the desired haven!" and with his sword drawn he presses onward. See too what a tender sensibility there is mingled with his stern manhood! When he lost his roll at the arbor on the Hill Difficulty, he chid himself and sat down, and wept bitterly. And when he had found the roll and gone on to the House Beautiful, he was laid in an upper chamber whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace. Here he slept until the break of day, and then *he awoke and sang*. When he beholds the miseries of those who were kept among the tombs by Giant Despair, he "gushes out with tears;" nor can he restrain a laugh at the expense of brave Mr. Talkative who came out of Prating Row. As Carlyle phrases it, we find in him a "robust, genuine, noble faculty of a man, with good humor, nay, and tender affection too. Laughter is in him, and tears also are appointed unto him. He has a silent sorrow, an unnameable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; giving to the rest the *true stamp of nobleness*."

In narrating the personal adventures of his hero, Bunyan kept ever before his mind his own remarkable experience. The imaginary joys, and the imaginary sorrows of the Pilgrim were to him solemn realities. The long road over which he brings his Pilgrim is the same path in which the Lord had ever led *him* on—a path full of difficulties and dangers, of dark valleys and pitfalls; but a path on which the sunshine sometimes fell, beside which living fountains of water gushed forth, and at the end of which rose the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The City of Destruction, in the mind of Bunyan, was connected with his own early life in the village of Elstow,

among a crew of abandoned reprobates, who united all the vice and profligacy of the higher ranks to the ignorance and vulgarity of their own. From such associations as these, the lowest, and vilest, whose contempt for religion was only exceeded by their contempt for common decency, and among whom lying, swearing and blasphemy were matters of emulation and boasting, the voice of the Spirit had called him forth with a loud and terrible warning. Like his own Pilgrim he had wept, and trembled, and was sore distressed in his mind. Month after month this distress had waxed sorer and sorer, until he had broke forth from his wicked associates, and ran as for his life. They had mocked and threatened him, and had well nigh enticed him back, but the voice within him had waxed louder and louder. Onward he had gone, driven by the most agonizing pains and fears, until he had fallen into that miry slough where the doubts, and terrors, and apprehension of the convicted sinner had all settled; and here he had laid for a long time bemoaning his doleful estate. All the faithful admonitions, and all the godly counsel and prayers of his pious neighbors had failed to rescue him from this state of deep despondency, but at last his eye had lit upon a consoling passage in the word of God, by which he had been lifted out of the mire. Then had come an interval of joy and triumph. But this was of short duration. He had not yet gained the wicket gate. Soon he had encountered the deceiver who sent him for relief to the works of the law, and while he was laboring to establish his own righteousness he had seen the anger of God grow warm, and flashes of fire had burst forth from the Sinai above him. While he was in this painful state, bordering upon despair, and ready to perish, a good "Evangelist," in the shape of the minister of Bedford, had come to him, and with many rebukes and reproaches, mingled with pity, had set him once more upon the right way. Long was the road over which he had yet gone before he reached the narrow gate, and many and fierce were the arrows which Beelzebub had cast at his soul. Sceptical doubts had been awakened in his mind by the great enemy, and even at times he had been tempted to "curse God, and to blaspheme his holy Son!" Even after he had entered upon the narrow path his journey had been painful and pro-

tracted, before he arrived at last at the joyful spot where the burden fell from his shoulders, and while the tears poured down his cheeks, had heard a voice whisper to him "Peace be to thy soul." Then, like Christian, he had leaped for joy, and went singing on his way.

This splendid edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* contains a short biography, but like all his biographies it is meagre, and by no means satisfactory. We wish there had been some Boswell to note down his prison conversations, and to tell us of his going out and coming in before the congregation at Bedford—and above all we wish there had been some one with the 'pen of a ready writer' among the crowd that used to throng his conventicle, even sometimes "as early as seven o'clock on a dark winter morning." We have to image him to ourselves as he stood up to preach, with his brawny form and ruddy face, with his sharp twinkling eyes, broad forehead, and large mouth with the tuft above it, which his biographer says "he wore after the old British fashion." His dress, as became John Bunyan, was plain. His manner must have been vehement and earnest; and from the short snatches of *preaching* which are found in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Taking of Man-Soul*, we can form some idea of what his sermons were. He went to the pulpit, he tells us, "in chains to preach to his people in chains," and carried that fire in his conscience that he persuaded them to beware of. He never meddled with controversy, but felt that his work "did run into another channel, even to carry an awakening word to sinners." His intense mental distresses often followed him to the sacred desk, and oftentimes he had a strange "faintness and strengthlessness in his body, so that his legs were scarcely able to carry him to the place of exercise." In the midst of his great popularity as a preacher and a writer, he maintained a remarkable humility. One day when he had been preaching with considerable "warmth and enlargement," he was met by one of his congregation who complimented him in his rude phrase upon the excellence of his discourse. "Oh!" replied the preacher, "you need not have told me so. The Devil reminded me of that before I came out of the pulpit."

Bunyan lived to the age of threescore—and went down to the deep river over which his imaginary Pilgrim had

gone before him, full of years and honors, with his reason bright and his faith unwavering. His great enemy who had followed him with doubts and fears all through his life, was permitted to have no power over him in his last peaceful moments. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited to this day.

Not long since, a funeral took place there which was attended, among others by the celebrated *Doctor Maginn*, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers for *Blackwood's Magazine*. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the sexton, "Grave digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan."

The grave digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who appeared deeply thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor turned to the person who accompanied him, and touching him on the shoulder said quietly, "Tread lightly." So unusual a remark, coming from one who rarely exhibited any thing of the pathetic or the reverential in his conversation, excited the wonder of his companion. Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. Few more illustrious mourners had ever stood beside that solitary grave. At length he seemed moved, and turning away exclaimed in solemn tones, "Sleep on, thou prince of Dreamers!" The "dreamer" had laid there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.

T. L. C.

THE CONFESSION.

"Approach the chamber, look upon his bed;
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
Which, as the lark arises to the sky
'Mid mornings sweetest breeze and softest dew,
Is winged to heaven by good men's sighs and tears."

THE following disclosures are not inserted here for the purpose of startling the reader by what may appear an unnecessarily exaggerated picture. The youthful artist,

following perhaps too closely the dictates of an ardent imagination, may give to his landscape, whether real or imaginary, a too vivid coloring, but this is attributable rather to inexperience than any deliberate intention of misleading or deceiving. The affair in hand, however, although it certainly does bear every evidence of being a highly-wrought fiction, yet I can discover nothing, in the externals at least, of the manuscript, from whence it is taken, to justify the slightest suspicions in regard to its genuineness. The document, which professes to be a veritable leaf from the book of the experience of a young clergyman, with whom I was formerly intimately acquainted, if authentic, contains unquestionably a narration of facts; as I have the greatest confidence in the veracity of the author. The scene and precise time of the thrilling occurrence therein recorded, it is unnecessary to mention; suffice it that our ministerial friend was at the time residing in one of those small parishes which are so frequent along the more Northern Atlantic shores of New England. At that particular spot the shore is unusually bold and abrupt, rising up, sometimes perpendicularly in ragged cliffs, which from the sea strikingly resemble the dismantled, dilapidated walls of an old fortress. Inland, the country gently undulating terminates at the distance of about half a mile from the shore in a dark forest, which served effectually to shut out from all communication with the busy world beyond, the honest inhabitants of the village. A few weeks previous to the time when our tale commences, the monotonous repose of the place had been broken by the intrusion of a stranger. "Who he was" and "whence he came," were questions upon which the whole artillery of the village gossips had been brought to bear. Still the problem remained unsolved; and many were the sage conjectures in which the simple people indulged, relative to the probable character of their mysterious visitant. After many such preliminary observations which I have endeavored to condense as much as possible, the author of the manuscript proceeds.

The night was dark and stormy. The wind whistled cheerlessly around my solitary study; and comfortably seated beside a blazing hearth, I had abandoned myself to such contemplations as the time and occasion were well

calculated to inspire. Suddenly the door flew open, and a thin slip wafted by the rush of air which followed, fell at my feet. Seizing it hastily, I read as follows—"Sir, if you value the peace of a fellow-being, hasten hither.

Devil's den—King's cove."

I arose and went to the door, but the messenger was nowhere to be seen. To follow him I knew would be useless, for the darkness was fearful. Uncertain what course to pursue I slowly closed the door and re-seated myself. It was palpable that the author of the laconic and singular request could be no other than the mysterious stranger. He was known to reside at the place indicated, and but few if any of the simple-minded inhabitants would have had the courage to approach, much less live, within the precincts of a place so notorious for its legendary associations. The stranger had doubtless been influenced somewhat by these considerations in selecting it as a place of residence, as his object evidently was to escape observation. Although these and many other collateral circumstances certainly combined to render the enterprize hazardous in the extreme, yet the tone of earnest entreaty, in which the request was made, determined me at once. Accordingly the lapse of half an hour found me groping amid the mazy windings of what were generally known as "*the cliffs*." Nothing but the most perfect familiarity with the way had enabled me to come thus far; and here where it was most in requisition, my knowledge seemed to fail entirely. Meantime every moment increased the fury of the storm. Huge and grim, like spectral giants, the cliffs rose in dim but colossal relief around; while the angry roar of the waves, as they recoiled in foam from the assault, rose fearfully distinct above the wailing of the tempest. Weary and disheartened at length by repeated exertion, I was about to relinquish the task and retrace my steps in despair, when I was arrested by a gentle pressure of the arm and—

"This way, please sir," rang in musical accents on my ear. Turning, I could barely distinguish by the dim light of the moon, which had peered forth for a moment from a dense canopy of clouds, the slight form of a young girl closely enveloped in a long mantle. Her face was raised appealingly, and without further delay I abandoned

myself to her guidance. In a few moments we were standing at the door of a small hut partially concealed from view by rocky projections. Motioning me to remain, my fair guide entered, and instantly re-appearing invited me to follow. Stretched on a couch at the upper end of a dimly-lighted apartment lay its principal occupant. He was wrapt in an uneasy slumber. The face partly averted, appeared, by the light of the dying embers that flickered fitfully on the hearth, strikingly handsome. But there was there too an expression of anguish—bitter, burning, which nothing will ever wipe from my memory. Years have rolled away, yet methinks even *now* I can see him as he lay there, the living realization of the painter's wildest dreams. It seemed as if a soul was mirrored in that face—a soul with its whole catalogue of unutterable things syllabled out in fearful relief—a black, and withal a bitter catalogue. Its proportions were very muscular, and although emaciated by disease, there were still discernible in his general appearance the relics of a power rarely bequeathed to man. A monument of magnificence, crumbled, but colossal in its ruins. Although wrapt in a feverish slumber, his thoughts were evidently wandering. At short intervals he would start up convulsively with every muscle distorted as if by the death-throe, and amid muttered oaths and incoherent ravings the ghastly death-hue would steal over his countenance, and he would fall back in a state of insensibility. Then again with features frozen into a marble-like rigidity, and in tones deep and unearthly, he would tell tales of darkness, at the recollection of which even now my blood curdles with horror. Oh, it was an awful thing to stand beside the bed of that man, and listen to his maniac laugh as it rang loud above the howling of the storm. At length, however, after a brief relapse he awoke and gazed wildly around the room.

"Father, dear father," said a low sweet voice by his side, "the priest has come, will you see him?"

"Priests! what have I to do with priests?" and he laughed scornfully. "Priests," he resumed in a musing tone, "aye, there was a time when I could listen to their mummeries. But," he added with startling emphasis, "I was not *then* what I am *now*. Priests! Ha, ha, ha! I was not *then* the accursed—branded—outcast of God and

man, that I NOW AM. Fiend! imp of hell! avaunt.—Leave me to die in peace, I am not *thine* yet. Ha, there is to be a fearful reckoning between thee and me, though it be in hell. God of heaven, Eva, is it thou? Ha, ha! I should know thee. How pale thou art? See there, and th——” and the unhappy man fell back insensible, while the cold, clammy sweat, gathered in big drops on his ashy brow. After some time had elapsed during which his rest appeared to be unbroken, he awoke as from a dream, and calmly enquired whether “the priest” had arrived. I advanced and seated myself beside his couch. A long pause ensued. Not a fibre or muscle quivered. Nothing betrayed the slightest emotion, although it was evident that a terrible conflict was going on within his bosom. There he lay cold and rigid—a breathing statue—his eye eloquent with a dark, unearthly significance. It seemed as if the deep springs of vitality had been frozen up by the unutterable intensity of an emotion which scorned all expression. Gradually he recovered his consciousness and then for the first time appeared to be aware of my presence.

“Priest,” he began slowly and emphatically, while he grasped my arm nervously, and his eye dilated with a peculiar expression, “it is well thou art come, for none but such as thee may hear the tale that I would tell. Oh, how I have longed for this hour! I had hoped that by pouring into the ears of a fellow-mortal a tale which the grave, aye, *the grave*, would scorn to conceal, I might lighten the load that presses me down, soul and body.—Through years of unutterable anguish, this hope has been my only consolation, the star of my destiny; and I have hailed its rising with an ardor and devotion which nothing could ever chill. Stranger,” he continued with increased vehemence, and his eye kindled with unwonted lustre, “I have gone forth at the lone hour of midnight when the spirit of the tempest was abroad even more terrible than now, and the storm with its wild, deep voice has re-echoed my tale. Amid scenes the most appalling, when the boldest have quailed, I have stood calm and unblanched, for death had lost its horrors for me. Long nights of sleepless anguish have I spent, with no companion but my own bitter thoughts, and the grisly phantoms

of a writhing conscience. But," he added more slowly, "I have not always been thus. Years have passed away, yet bright recollections of other days when the heaven of youth was clear and cloudless, and the countenance beamed with purity and innocence, still lie sacredly embalmed in my bosom. The flowers, indeed, snatched by a rude hand from the parent stem, have withered, yet they retain still their fragrance, mellowed and softened by the warm embrace of time. But even then I was not happy. They who in the spirit of misanthropy would deprive youth of its little cares and anxieties, misapprehend human nature. The clouds, however, that threw a gloom over my early life, claim no sympathy with the sunshine shadows that usually checker the placid tranquil of youth. They were darker, more permanent. The malady was deeper, more real—a worm gnawing unceasingly at the heart's core, silently but surely. Nature had endowed me with sensibilities keen beyond those of most others. They have been my ruin. My talents always insured me the respect of those with whom I associated. But how poor a satisfaction can this afford to a being of warm and ardent affections. Oh, how I have writhed under the cold, formal recognition of a friend after months of separation. Proud to an extreme, I scorned to betray the barb that rankled within. Under a cold and indifferent exterior the wound festered and grew, until it had absorbed my entire being, deadened every pure and holy feeling, and upon the ruins of all that is high and godlike and ennobling, reared a superstructure of desolation and misery. In order to avoid the petty scorns and insults which are inseparable from a close and familiar intercourse with others, I early learned to shun all society. Under the assumed garb of modesty, I lived almost entirely in seclusion. The restraint under which I always labored when accidentally thrown among others, owing to a constant apprehension lest I should unwarily provoke contumely or insult, heightened the deception. Years rolled by, and a new star, the harbinger of a brighter dawn, seemed to rise upon the path of my destiny—rose, alas, to be quenched in blood! But I must hasten to the crisis. My lamp of life is fast waning—soon will it go out forever. Suffice it that I loved. No transitory attachment, the offspring of romance.

It was the first outpourings of a heart that had long been a stranger to sympathy. I loved with all the intensity and devotion of which an ardent nature is capable. That affection was reciprocated. Would to heaven it had never been! Urgent necessity summoned me abroad. The evening previous to the morning of my departure, I visited E—— with the resolution of avowing my love and obtaining in return some token of her affection. I found her on the spot where we had spent together many a happy hour. She appeared more beautiful than ever. I kneeled before her, and with all the thrilling earnestness of impassioned feeling, declared my love. She treated me with heartless coquetry; affected coldness and indifference, assumed an air of insulted dignity, and ridiculed my suit. Ha, she knew not with whom she sported. The demon rose within me. It seemed that a legion of fiends had taken possession of my entire being. I started wildly to my feet. She implored—entreated. The quick, heavy tramp of my horse re-echoed her cries, as with a fiendish joy I rode madly away. On, on, on—and a long, long interval succeeded. Strange, unearthly forms flitted before me. Again and again the *past*, with its bitter, burning recollections was re-enacted, while strangely blended with all, the mad yelling of fiends engaged in their hellish orgies, rang fearfully on my ear. Then again the sounds ceased, the phantoms vanished, and a slight form clad in long white robes stood before me. It was Eva. Her large dark eyes were fixed on mine with an expression of melting, yet mournful tenderness. Oh, that was a thrilling gaze! It spoke the intense yearnings of an earnest soul. I sprang eagerly forward. The phantom vanished and I awoke. Eva stood beside me. Her small white hands were clasped, and her eyes raised to heaven in mute eloquence. But I was no longer the same being. A fearful, withering change had passed over me. Every fountain of feeling and affection was dried up. Not a chord vibrated to the fond whisperings of love. All high and holy emotions seemed to be swallowed up in one absorbing, crushing sense of desolation—a terrible consciousness of the past, and anticipation of the future; with a withering, remorseless hate. My cold gaze met her's, and she started with horror, while the big, burning tears coursed

one another over her pale cheek. The roofed chamber rang with my scornful laugh. She rushed frantically from the room. Slowly and calmly I arose, and went forth, the sworn enemy of *God* and *man*; and," he added with fearful emphasis, "I have fulfilled my oath." Here a dreadful change passed over the face of the sufferer. Horrible convulsions distorted his features. His eye dilated with a maniac stare, while incoherent, unintelligible sounds burst from his lips. "Yes," he continued, after a brief pause, with frightful composure, "I have fulfilled my destiny. My record is written in blood. The young, the blooming, and the lovely—*all* have fallen—fallen. I have hung the bridal chamber with the sable vestments of the grave; changed the voice of mirth into mourning. The star of my destiny has set in blood, never to rise again—*no, never*. A dark, impenetrable pall veils the future from my view. Even now methinks it rises, slowly—slowly. Hark!" he whispered, as the howling of the storm became more fearfully audible, "Ha, ha! it is the death-knell! See, yonder they come! tramp, tramp, tramp! Who's there—there? Ha, is it thou, Eva! I knew I should meet thee. I am coming, my beloved—coming. Why dost thou gaze so cold"—and he fell back a corpse.

TO MY GUITAR.

When moody care contracts my brow,
Or steep's my soul in sorrow's slough—
When passion's power usurps my breast,
Tumultuous to break its rest;
To drive its wildering force afar,
I turn to thee, my sweet Guitar!

When weariness creeps o'er my frame,
And everything in life seems same—
When heavy sloth weighs pressingly,
For kind relief I haste to thee;
And thou dost cast it off afar,
My softly singing, dear Guitar!

When my sad soul with strife is vexed—
Or when with warring thoughts perplex,
My mind confused—almost distracted—
Reflects on ills, that it has acted ;
Thy soothing strains retune the jar,
My own, my much loved, sweet Guitar !

When memory calls to life again
The joys, which by-gone days have seen ;
Filling the soul with mournful dreams,
Until the heart with sadness teems—
Nought that allays, but what is far
Less quick to ease, than my Guitar !

Sweet solace of my cares and toils !
Who every busy trouble foils ;
Who, when the heart is bound with pain,
Bids it look up and smile again—
Of many friends, the dearest far
Art thou to me, my sweet Guitar !

R.

COLLEGE DAGUERREOTYPES.

EVERY one likes to be thought a good judge of character. Hence we have so many professors and believers in those sciences, by means of which the internal man is judged by the external. It is commonly supposed that if a man has in the mould of his face, a remote likeness to a dog, a sheep, a hog, or any other beast, he has the same likeness in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that he resembles. But whether or no the different emotions of the animal spirits, in different persons, may have an effect in moulding the features, when the lineaments are pliable and tender; or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, we shall not at present investigate, but simply give the opinion of the celebrated Doctor Hans Van Druffel, which will no doubt settle all disputations which may arise on this point. Here is what the learned doctor says: "This psychic image or resemblance may be devoid of all proper objectivity; and we may with confidence assume that it is nothing more than a phantasy,

excited to a magical activity, through the local afflux of blood; that it first subtrudes an animal as a *cause*, and then by a like reaction effects an extravasation in the part subjected."

There is as good an opportunity for the study of character, in this microscopic world of ours, as in the great, active, bustling world without. We have our "upper ten thousand," and the lower, the coxcomb and the loafer, the "great men" and the little men, the noble-hearted man and the "good fellow."

We shall endeavor in our College Daguerreotypes to avoid all personalities. Should any one think that some glaring fault of his own is exposed—held up in the strong, clear light of common sense, let him not be offended. Our design is not to ridicule any one in particular, but to exhibit the follies of a certain class, of which his may be but a single instance. To change an absurd custom men turn it into ridicule, and the dandy is oftentimes thrown into "agony unutterable," by seeing his dress and air mimicked by the small boys of the town. Could not a disgusting folly be cured by the same means?

Therefore to our

DAGUERRETYPE, No. I.

THE SENIOR.

The Senior, at present, is the most interesting character "in or about" College. He is the envy of the Junior, the admiration of the Sophomore, to the Freshman a great unknown, and to himself an unrealised reality. The great characteristic of the Senior is, or should be, a bearing of calm composure; an air of unruffled ease; a manly dignity, which, while it pointed him out as the "upper crust" of College, the ideal of the new student, should also keep the lower classes at a respectful distance. What a falling off has there been since those good old days, when our wise ancestors, "in solemn conclave," declared through the College code, "that the lower classes *in statu pupilari*, should, on meeting any member or members of the Senior class, immediately lift their hats and remain standing until they had passed." This falling off however has been owing in a great measure to the class itself. Tender

children now occupy the seats that were once filled by dignified men, and the new comer is astounded to see such diminutive creatures enrolled among those of whom he had such lofty conceptions. It would be very easy to go into a burning phillippic against ambitious parents, who are so extremely anxious to see their sons graduate before they are arrived at years of maturity, but respect for the feelings of the present Senior Class will prevent our so doing. We do not mean that this class is composed altogether of little boys. By no means. There are men, "high-minded men," among them, who would have reflected honor on this class in its palmiest days—men whose friendship has been to us a fountain of pleasure, and for whom we shall ever entertain the highest regard. Often in after years shall we hold sweet converse with your spirits, ye Senior friends; and oft shall we surround ourselves with your images, ye associates in the scenes we love! In the din and strife of earth, our friendships may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory, in the still evening of life, while hanging with fond affection over the blanchéd rose, shall mourn that the tender bud, the dawning promise, should have drooped ere it had blushed its beauties to our ardent gaze!

Did ever a student come to College without a full determination of "taking first?" We doubt it exceedingly. Hence it is that there are always particular enquiries made by new ones, concerning the first honor men, in the various classes. They are gazed upon with intense interest, their features studied, and often their gait and air mimicked. We think it would be a good plan to cage these wonderful curiosities, like wild monkeys, and exhibit them at a penny a head. It would bring money. First honor men are the same all the world over. They are generally good enough sort of fellows, with sometimes considerable talent, and oftener with none at all, but always having a vast deal of application. There are some of them (often seen in the Senior Class too) who deserve more than a passing word,—men whose conceitedness would have called forth the rebuke of a Job; who, toad-like, are so puffed up with the wind of self-sufficiency, that their loathsome bodies would fain swell far beyond the ordinary limits of College greatness, and if not brought to their

senses by a sudden "fall," would no doubt burst with their petty ambition. This is not always the case however; we have a splendid fellow in our eye now, who bore the honor, as it should be borne, with a modesty which gained the respect of all who knew him. We had always a liking for that man—and what member of his class had'nt?

In conclusion, we would say to first honor men, hold not your heads so lofty, because you are probably one-tenth above some better fellow. Carry not so stiff an upper lip, for every body knows your thoughts, and respects you accordingly—tread not the earth so haughtily, for it belongs to the College corporation, and receives the pressure of the "rail man's" foot as willingly as your own; and above all, follow not so eagerly and disinterestedly the broad trail marked out by a certain colored assistant, for there is nothing a student hates so much as the grade-seeking "bootlick." When you leave this theatre of your honors, where a contemptible few may have applauded you, settle quietly down in some country school, or behind the counter, fold your arms with smiling complacency and say, while you see others outstripping you in the race, that you took a better grade than that man at College. Oh! yes, the world will respect you greatly for being a *first honor man*!

There are other characters on which we might dwell at great length, but they would swell our Daguerreotypes into panorama views. There is the Editor; the deference paid him by the literary young men of the College; the quiet dignity which characterises all his movements; the ease with which he executes his multifarious duties; the energy with which he collects subscriptions; the horror that hangs over that imaginary piece of furniture, the "Editor's Table," and the mystery that encircles all his doings, render him an object of admiration and awe.

There too is the Ball manager. Oh! ye great subscribed, what terror does the name call up! The ghost of a squandered "*ten*" is before you, staring you out of countenance with its goggle eyes. "I well remember," said a friend the other day, "how I was fooled by a manager out of a ten; he, like a young Satan, whispering into my ear all the while that I was putting my autograph to that instrument of sacrifice, the "ball-list," that my signature resem-

bled a certain signer of the declaration of independence. That night I had a most horrible dream. Visions of beautiful ladies would dance before me for a while, and then resolve themselves into animated Champaigne bottles, decanters, &c. These would then go through various evolutions, the whole ending in a general smash. Next came a ball manager, of Lambertine proportions, who seated himself coolly on the pit of my stomach, flourished the ball-list in one hand and a ten dollar bill in the other, punching me heartily in the chest at the same time by way of making me appreciate the joke! "Ah," said our friend, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "I have avoided ball managers ever since!" The manager is excruciatingly polite while going his rounds.

"Good morning sir, good morning sir," exclaimed one of the fraternity the other day—on entering the room of a new student. This Manager was possessed of what Paley would call "a prolongation of snout," together with a very flaxy head of hair—a very flashy gown—and a remarkable deal of *gab*.

"Good morning sir—walk in."

"Can I have your subscription for the Ball sir?" said the Manager bowing very low—and turning his eyes up to the ceiling, till a small forest of eyebrows shaded the prospect.

"Which *Hall* sir?" enquired the new student innocently.

"Any—you please sir—just put your name down—ah! now—much obliged—just annex the trifling sum you see above—ah, thank you sir—good morning—" and thus the manager got the "ten," and bowed himself out! There is no resisting a Manager. Do you hesitate? He argues the point—twirls his thumbs in the air—gazes earnestly into your face—brings the great names of the country to bear upon you in some way or other—appeals to your patriotism, and your taste for wine, and finally gains his point. It requires many ingredients to make a manager. Take a decoction of brass, with a slight dash of politeness—then add three quarts of *gab*, a pair of boots, a vest, a white ribbon and a ten dollar bill, with a little tobacco scent, mixed well by stirring, and you have a Ball Manager complete.

The Senior in general, deserves a few words. He prides himself on his exclusiveness, and may be distinguished in a crowd, by the reservedness of his demeanor and the pedantry of his conversation. In fact he is proverbially pedantic—and like all of this class, strives to show the depth of his knowledge by a supercilious gravity. In public, his conversation turns on the last lecture, and his vast information excites the admiration of the lower classes. In private, however, he is a different being—and you would not know the man, whom you saw but a moment ago, stalking through the campus with firm step, while his gaze was fixed earnestly on the weather-cock.

John Smith Jones, was such a Senior. John had served his literary apprenticeship, and if any man had a right to be a Senior, John was that man. His build was heavy—but he was withal a tall man. In that general rush from the Chapel that takes place after evening prayers, John was in his glory. He walked through the crowd, dashing inferior men from before him, even as a canal boat of four-horse power throws the waves from her prow. John's bearing at such times was calm and unruffled. Did a Junior complain at being pushed aside—John the next moment would accidentally tread on his feet. You might always see, too, a number of little Seniors, following in his wake. We noticed John the other day seated on a stoop of one of the colleges explaining the theory of matter to a little Freshman.

"Do you see that?" said John in a deep guttural voice, pointing to some marks on the earth.

"What, that thing, which looks like the scratches on a piece of gingerbread?" enquired the Freshman admiringly.

"Yes! That, sir, is the theory of matter—matter, sir, is the substance of the universe—and this *a priori* is the theory of the substance of the universe. The molecular particles may be represented by those small pebbles—and the atomical construction by these. The polarity of—" but we heard no more of John's lecture. But Jones was a different man in private. We will give a specimen of his conversation with some of his Senior friends—which may give the reader a little insight into the Senior's private life. A snug, easy room was John's—well furnished, but strangely out of order. The settee was placed with

its back to the door—the centre-table in a corner—while the window-sill took the place of wash-stand and book-case. John was a full blooded Southerner—and prided himself on his principles—hence you could account for the number of prints, strung along the room, at once illustrating and ridiculing the doctrine of “Practical Amalgamation.” It was a few days after the commencement of his Senior term—that three of John’s particular friends called to see him. They were seated in various postures about the room puffing like so many Dutchmen. John himself was stretched full length on the settee—he has never been known to resign it to any one. The young gentleman who is seated directly opposite him, with his face to the back of the chair, and his chin resting thereon, is known by the name of *Higgs*. He has a fine eye, and a turned up pug-nose—together with a fine crop of *goats*. He can tell a good joke, and is an admirable mimic—but he prides himself on his *goats*. In short he cultivates those “*capillary excrescences*,” and is happy. That fellow with his legs on the window-sill possesses a remarkable phiz. A tremendous nose cut off square at the end, is attached to what the Irishman would call an “open countenance”—i. e. a face with a mouth stretching from ear to ear. A hat of the kind denominated *smash*, is (screwed and cocked, revolutionary fashion) on his head. This Senior had the richest and oiliest laugh you ever heard. It seemed to bubble up from his very heart. Oh! it did you good to hear *Diggs* laugh. The other Senior was short—very short. Hence he was called by his friends *Dumpy*. He might have been a happy man had it not been for two things—his bow-legs, and his short body. His acquaintances gave him no rest about his legs, frequently making anxious enquiries as to the cause of their curvature. Some friend wrote an ode on them—which, as near as we remember, runs thus:

As our dear little Dumpy was walking one day

A fall on the pavement he caught,

A Paddy ran out to see what was to pay

And lifted him up quick as thought.

Quoth Paddy “are your legs broke

“Mister Dumpy—I see your braaches are rent?”

“No!” our little Dump angrily spoke

“Why then if they a’int broke—they are *mightily bent!*”

Dumpy wore a frock coat to hide his legs, but it only made him look much shorter. A straw hat, the brim of which obscured the upper part of his person was set flat on his head. So wide indeed was the brim of this hat, that you would be apt to mistake Dumpy at a distance for a very low wagon, with a very heavy load of hay. Such were the Seniors who had "called round" to see John.

"Fellers! we are now Seniors, and we shall make ourselves *so sociable*"—said John with a delicate wave of his hand, and a slight inclination of the head. The words fell from his lips like greasy dough-nuts, from a Dutch frying-pan.

"I can't realise it yet—but give us your hand Jones on the strength of it," and Dumpy grasped his friend's hand with a very fat gesture.

"We shall cry '*budg-a-la-dunk*' no longer, but we can now go '*bim*!'" said *Diggs*, imitating the bull-frog to perfection. *Diggs* always took his metaphors from natural history, and the bull-frog was his favorite.

"Have you heard the last on old John Jones?" asked *Higgs*.

"No! No!"

But we wont give the last on John, suffice it to say that these Seniors acted very strangely—very unsenior-like. They cracked jokes, made puns, laughed very loud, and students passing along would start to hear the melodious notes of the bull-frog issuing from Jones's room.

Seniors farewell! may your days be long and happy in the land.

In the next number we will give you, reader, a sketch of the Junior. Till then believe us to be "totally thine"—

TIMOTHY CURIOSUS.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

Oh, I love the twilight hour,
It is the hour of prayer,
And vesper bells chime mellower
Upon the twilight air;

I love its anthem voices,
Its voices calm and cold,
They steal with dewy freshness
O'er the beleagured soul :
And twilight's beck'ning shadows
As phantom-like they glide
Are dear, for they tell of those
Who long have left our side.

Oh, I love the twilight hour,
The twilight cold and grey,
It brings to our memories
The dear ones far away ;
And those who long have loved us,
For whom we sigh and mourn,
The departed, the departed,
At twilight's hour return ;
And our hearts again unite
With love that never dies,
We share each other's gladness,
And breathe each other's sighs.

I love the twilight's reign ;
For when the hours depart
And day's last lingerings melt around,
'Tis twilight in the heart ;
And shadowy forms are busy there,
Phantoms of other years,
They visit us from the dreamy past
And mingle in our tears,
And as they glide before us
In long and mute array,
With gestures slow and solemn
They beckon us away.

The twilight hour, the twilight hour,
It is the hour of rest,
And pours a pensive sadness
Across the thoughtful breast ;
And voices from the spirit-land
Steal through the twilight air,
Their whisperings are in our hearts,
Their echoes, every where ;
And breathing o'er each lifeless form
In memory clustered there—
Upward the phantom army starts,
A strange and wizard throng,
Enwrapt in converse sweet and long,
The twilight fades—the voices melt away—
'Tis night within our hearts.

A REVERY.

It was the soothing hour of a summer evening. The hum of busy life had ceased. The feathered songsters had ended their varied notes for the day, and now with outstretched wing guarded the night repose of their young. The flowers refreshed by the evening dews, sent forth a sweeter fragrance, as if with one accord, rendering homage to Him who tinged their petals with brightest hue. The incense of delighted nature rose up from hill and dale, from field and flower, and anon the moon peeped over the eastern hill, hallowing the scene by its splendor. Methought I stood in a rocky glen on the Atlantic shore. The wildest strokes of nature's art, were pictured around me in the rugged rocks; the overhanging boughs and clustering vines, were so mingled in their growth, that fantastic shapes and fairy forms were figured to my imagination. The gloomy stillness around me was only broken by the dashing wave at my feet. The spot appeared a meet place for the midnight revelings of old ocean's fabled deities.

As I gazed upon the open sea, a strong feeling of curiosity stole over me. I thought of the many deeds committed on its dark bosom, that gave facts to history's page and zest to the sailor's yarn, and I inwardly longed to hear a tale of the sea from the lips of some spirit of the deep. Desire overcame my disbelief in their existence, and as the dashing surge ceased for a moment, I thus questioned a billow that threw its sparkling drops upon my feet. Stay! thou dark blue ocean wave, wouldst thou not hold converse with a mortal for a passing moment, and reveal to me aught of ocean's mysteries? The echo of my request still lingered in the glen, when a beautiful nymph stepped out before me, exhibiting all the graces of poetic description, and combining the loveliness of nature with the ideal beauty of fancy's picturing. She spake.

"Thine is an unusual request, be it my pleasure to gratify thee. Wouldst thou have a tale of blood, of mortal combat, or wouldst have me open to thy gaze the unnumbered treasures, the myriads of human skeletons that pave the fathomless deep? Time leaves the mark of its ravaging footstep on the earth; the tempest as it rolls along

leaves nought but desolation in its course ; death and conflict, and fiery flame, are daily heaping up their mementoes for the gaze of after generations ; but on me, their efforts are harmless as the breeze that fans thy brow. But to the tale. It was one bright morning in spring, when the gilded sunbeams rested on the great commercial mart of the western world, as the populace that thronged its streets poured down in living tides to the wharf destined to be the parting place of friends forever.

"It was a noble bark that rode upon the waves. It was known throughout the world as surpassing aught that before had crossed the deep sea. Like some eagle bird she sat upon the water, her canvass streamed far above, and as the billows heaved her sides, she seemed impatient to take her flight to her distant home. And yet all was not joy there. The farewell of friends passed from lip to lip, the glistening tear and heaving breast seemed to shadow forth some boding evil, though here and there glanced the smile of hope, and some even dared to lisp 'we shall meet again !' The breeze fills the canvass, the moorings are loosed, and as she parts from the shore, the 'God speed thee' was borne up to heaven from the myriad-mouthed host. She hastened onward. The bathing sunlight and bracing sea breeze, combined to dispel the sorrow of parting, and even to banish the last doubt that all should yet be well. She carried no ordinary burthen. Here might be seen one on whose temple lay locks silvered by the winters of age, then one on whose lip was the dew drop of health and the flush of youth. Here was heard the tale of practical life, fraught with the experience of age ; there the youth, brightening with hope, relates his anticipations of the future ; here the eloquence that would honor the Senate hall ; there the notes of the maiden's song mingled with the passing breath of heaven. And it was no common friendship that bound those hearts in kindly feeling, such friendship as can be broken by the slightest burst of human passion. No, they were separate from the world of mankind, from its cares and its sympathies. There was nought above them save the boundless ether, nought around them but the open sea. No earthly coast loomed up in the distance. 'Twas there ! no land in view, no friendly sail to rescue, no timely warning,

'twas there I buried them ! The sailors' curse, the maiden's shriek, the lover's vow, and the Christian's prayer, rolled up to heaven in a banded shout for rescue and mercy. 'Twas vain ! That noble bark felt her death wound ; a fearful roll, a heavy surge, and she plunged from a mountain wave and sank forever ! A gurgling sound from the departing spirits rose up as a wave passed over them, and all was still as the grave.

"As again I broke on the Atlantic coast, I beheld many an anxious and enquiring glance thrown over the rolling billows, many a heart quivering with the hope of news from the long departed ship ; and again, their inquiry unanswered, their hopes blasted, they turned sadly away and wept. She never again hove in sight, and over her fate hangs mystery, to human eye, as impenetrable as over yonder glittering worlds. I alone remain the witness, in my bosom is hidden the secret, and wouldst thou know it ? Thou never canst ! "Never?" Yes thou shalt ! When the peal of the archangel's trump shall ring over these shores, when yonder heaven shall be rolled up as a scroll, and He who restrains my fury at his will, shall bid me give up my dead, *then* shall I roll back from my wonted resting place, revealing to the world my secret treasures clear as the noon-day sun."

[We hardly know—dignity of the Monthly—only an inch of nonsense—anyhow.—EDS.]

EPIGRAM.

Why is the ringing of the Poor-House bell
Like to a son of Israel ;
D'ye give it up ?—Why don't you see ?
Because an old Clo's man is he !

VIX.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Another book is created. Yes, Reader, our Periodical is a book, though a little one. In the mysterious recesses of our Editorial Laboratory have we concocted it of such materials as have been furnished us. Patiently and laboriously have we selected from the mass that which was the best, throwing it into our magic cauldron. Carefully have we relieved the substantial solidity of some of the articles, by the spicy flavor of others; and having neatly dished up the whole, and crowned it with a few leaves of poetry, we place it upon the table, ring the bell, or rather blow the horn, and standing aside smile to see with what pell-mell haste our readers rush to the banquet.

But we have wandered into an improper metaphor, and beginning again we repeat: Another book is created. Many a book has been created in bitter toil of soul. Thoughts hoarded for years, ideas thrice elaborated, figures culled from the richest fruit of the imagination have all been casketed in one volume, upon whose construction its author has thus centered all his hopes. With intensely minute care has it been prepared, with painful eagerness has he watched its egress into a stormy world, with sickening of soul has he seen it fall scarce noticed, and pining away with it from the world's view, has with it perished.

Did you never feel sad, reader, when in the College Library, to see whole shelves of books reposing in their black worm-eaten covers as in coffins? Noble old tomes are there, lying in kingly state, their pompous emblazonry stained and dusty. Great and renowned books were they in their day, and now, perhaps, the sorrowful ghosts of their long ago dead writers, keep solemn ward over their mouldering leaves.

Every author doubtless believes, yea is certain, that his book will live forever. We are wiser. We know that *our* book will have but its day. You read it, throw it aside and perchance years hence, your grand-child finding it among other old and musty papers, will smile, as he glances through its stained and old-fashioned pages, at the rude simplicity of antiquity. Yes, we know that this *our* book will not live forever. Who cares? We write for the present, and so we fearlessly fling our Periodical into the boiling Maelstrom of

Life, although we know that after being tossed a space on its restless billows, it will be sucked down into oblivion.

We well know that instead of thus moralizing, we should be, according to established usage, punning: that we should be pouring out to our readers as they sit around Our Table, the sparkling Champaign of wit. But we never made a pun, or if we did, it had to be distinctly pointed out after making to the unconscious hearer, and then it always produced a groan rather than a laugh.

Others, however, are more gifted, and we have thought as we passed by some room whose very window panes rang with the laughter of those within, that if the jests which excited it could be presented to all College in our pages, how would that laughter swell to a universal peal which would shake the cobwebs from our old walls. Will not some Benedict, some "glorious fellow," who, in virtue of his wit, lords it over a few, take the hint and through us extend his reign over all?

College is an excellent place for studying character, but we like to take a glance at times into the world without in search of objects. We found one the other day in E. A. Poe, the editor of the "Broadway Journal." There are some, at least, of our readers, who have watched throughout his course his powerful endeavors to be original. He flashes blue, red, green lights about his prose to render it lustrous; he stuns the ears of his readers with a strange jingle and chime of words in his *poe*-try to manifest the fact that the idea is so vast and original that it must speak in a gigantic and original tongue. This is *the* author who, a zealous "*algae inquisitor*," roams along the strand, ready to pounce upon any lucky fisherman, who chances to draw up a noble idea from the ocean of thought, and to claim it as his own. "Quidquid" cries he unblushingly,

"Quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est in equore toto,
Res fisci est, ubicunque natat."

But speaking of studying College character, no one has concluded his course in this particular, until he has deeply (and reverently of course) investigated that of the Editor. We fear you will be forever uneducated in this respect, reader. We are not truly Editors when out of our Sanctum, and in it, of course you can never enter. Imagine it, however, a room with close curtains, the ventilator over the door carefully shut down, a large round table, *the* "Table," in the midst, and us sitting in various attitudes about it. Gaze

silently before you. One of us seated in the "Chair" is reading aloud a closely written foolscap page. He has just begun, but the one on the sofa who at first screwed up his face into a determined attention, is gradually giving way under the process. The reader proceeds, but as he turns another page his three companions become impatient, a suppressed murmur, a decided cough, and the essay is brought to a violent conclusion in the midst of a passage on the "qualities of man." To vary the toil, the reader takes up a roughly written page of rhyme, which seems intended to be witty, he halts along the helter-skelter verse, comes to a passage which is witty, if any part is, and pauses, a silence follows, then a distinct groan: the reader hastily inscribes certain characters on the back of the article and throwing it aside picks up another. This however may be a good article, and is read through. The reader on finishing looks up, a nod of assent passes around and marking "accepted" upon it, it is placed among the chosen few. Why dilate, the bell rings, the horn blows; editors are but men and have appetites, and in a few moments they have sunk the Editor into the common student.

We have read Channing, and believe in the progression of man. Some five years ago when our Periodical was born, how would its then Editors have been cheered, could they have looked forward to this day. We are somewhat proud of our bantling, and we are free to confess it. It commences a new volume with a new dress and several additional pages. It is yet in its childhood, but we believe that it is destined to advance to riper years. We trust each succeeding class will nurture and care for it till it reaches at some future day the stature of strong healthy manhood. In the meantime we intend, with your aid readers, to do our duty, endeavoring as we meet you month after month, to have some instructive, and perchance, some amusing word to say.

LITERARY NOTICES.

It is one of the chief delights of our editorial existence, seated in our arm chair by our table, leisurely and impartially to glance through our exchanges, one by one. We then rise into high communion with the noble order of Amateur Editors throughout the land, and, as it were,

clasp hands over mountains and rivers with them, hailing them welcome companions. Here first is the **LOWELL OFFERING** for June, July and August, and a welcome one it is. The gentle voice of gifted women rising amid the whirr of spinning jennies is indeed pleasant to hear, for even the toil and hardening of labor cannot repress the earnest utterances of a living soul. We feel voluble on this point, but we need scarce add our tribute of praise to the general applause bestowed on this periodical. We gladly place it on our exchange list.

Here are more ladies yet. The **MONTHLY ROSE** for July and August is upon our table in as full and as fresh a bloom as ever. We cannot praise any article at the expense of another, for all are good, especially the poetry. We confess ourselves utterly defeated and refuted by the notice of a review in our last number. We would be marvellously pleased, however, to carry on a *personal* discussion of the point.

We always greet the **WILLIAM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY** heartily, and open its pages sure of being pleased. The Editors incline, very naturally and properly, to the **Allegro** rather than the **Penseroso** in the Nos. before us. Surely if there be a time for mirth it is during College life, that flowery isthmus between the happy ignorance of youth and the uneasy wisdom of manhood. "Roger Restless" would find not a few boon companions among us. We have little room to notice the June and July Nos. received of the **YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**. Its rich brown cover truly tells "the ripeness of the soul within." The article on "The chair of Rhetoric in our Colleges," was of special interest to us. If we have in our haste overlooked other periodicals, our next No. shall rectify the error.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE decidedly differ in opinion from the author of "A piece of First-rate Poetry for the Monthly." "Olympus Pump" has it seems perused the divine Maro until becoming deeply imbued with his spirit, he gives utterance to his feelings in profuse verse. Harken to the out-pourings of this Pump.

FIRST ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

I sing of him, who, leaving
 The ashes of his home,
 In Venus still believing,
 His mother of the foam,
 Had sailed toward the Italian shore
 To find a home and roam no more.
 But he counted his chickens before they were hatched;
 For the tempests and hurricanes could not be matched,
 That Æolus raised by Queen Juno's desire;
 And they found themselves soon by her Majesty's ire
 Out of the fryingpan into the fire.

Tell me, my muse, what fearful crime
 Awaked the goddess' wrath,
 To follow them from clime to clime,
 And daily dog their path?
 Is such the wrath of heaven's Queen?
 And Mrs. Jove is she so mean?
 Some loafers from Tyre,
 Inflamed with desire
 Of an unfettered vagabond life,
 On the African shore,
 Built a tavern and store,
 With a few houses more,
 With cheating and quarrelling rife;
 With niggers abounding,
 With bragging resounding,
 And fierce as a bantam in strife.
 This place was Juno's chief delight;
 This she hoped would rule the fight,
 In every land and clime;
 Spread through all the world its might,
 And pour the lustre of its light
 Adown the stream of time.
 But she heard a strange tale,
 That a Trojan pale
 Would, some day or other,
 Make a wonderful bother
 And fuss on the African shore;
 Would have his own way,
 And the mischief to pay,
 Like the bull in the china store, &c. &c.

But we drop the handle through weariness.

We regret being forced to reject the article of "Eta." It is on too worn a subject. The style, too, is inclined to bombast. Indeed it seems impossible to speak of Byron, the subject of the essay, without swelling into extravagance, as see the apostrophe to him in Pollock. There is one idea worth preserving, however. Speaking of licentious satirists the writer observes, "Many of the most illus-

trious deserve to be crowned and then decapitated, and their laurelled heads fixed on poles around the heights of Parnassus, as warnings to others, while, they affect to expose sin not to betray virtue." Shall we hear from him again?

"The Evening Star" was received too late to illumine the pages of this number.

We venture to say, from its appearance, that "Crissa" wrote, or at least copied off his article in fifteen minutes. The subject is a very aged one, treated in as venerable a manner and with ideas decrepit through extreme age. We can see, however, that the writer *can* write a better article, if he will with more thought and care apply himself to the task.

"Coelebs," who we dare say has not a "care" in life except it be to obey the second bell in the morning, sighs as if he really feels what he says—

"Oh! give me but a lovely girl,
Meek, intelligent and fair,
Whate'er I be, to cling to me,
To share my lot, to soothe my care,"

and so on through ten stanzas of like tenor. Let his muse attempt a higher flight.

"The Challenge" is *accepted*, but unavoidably crowded out.

One word to contributors. When you have old compositions in your desk, which are hastily written, and worthless, put them away as the mementoes of your youth, or make a bonfire of them, but on no occasion send them to the *Monthly*. We wish articles which evince thought and care, such articles will do honor to the *Magazine*, and such only will be accepted.

OUR CHRONICLE.—For the information of distant subscribers, we would mention that our Commencement passed off at the usual time in the usual manner. The Hon. L. Q. C. Elmer delivered the address, a learned disquisition on government, to the two Literary Societies on the afternoon previous. The Valedictory Oration was by Mr. Furman Sheppard of New Jersey.

At the meeting of the Trustees, arrangements were made for the Centennial Celebration a year from next October. We believe, however, that they are not at present to be made public.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Mr. John H. Moore of Mississippi, of the Sophomore class, lamented by his friends who respected him for his talents and esteemed him for his amiable disposition. The usual action was taken upon the sad event by the two Literary Societies.

The Session opens with an accession of eighty-eight new students.